

END OF THE LANGTRY FARM

For Sale



FROM PHOTO.

Horsemen, Jockeys, Dogs and "His Highness," the Mascot Goat, in the Halcyon Days When There Was "Nothing but Money and Good Times" on Mrs. Langtry's California Farm.

St. Xavier, which has since made a great record in Eastern stables. The splendidly bred stallion Imported Greenback and Owens of the celebrated Troquels also made their appearance through Gebhard's bounty. While the Lily, to keep up her end, contributed the well-known stallion Brian Tuck. Then came carloads of brood mares from Kentucky.

In this liberal fashion the horse raising industry was launched. The place was alive with horsemen, caretakers and jockeys. Training was always going on at the track during the long dry summer. It was like a continuous horse show. There was nothing but money and good times there. Besides horses, there were dogs of many degrees, mastiffs, hounds and collies. There were quiet little groups of sheep scattered about to give an English touch to the landscape. Geats, too, were added for decorative effect, and a certain "Billy" became the mascot of the place and was known as "His Highness."

While these additions of live stock and improvements were going on the aristocratic proprietors rode and drove about the estate planning with the ardor of youth. It was all a glorious new world of life and endless possibilities.

Lily, in her bloom of thirty, seemed a mere girl again. Many a morning before the sun was over the blue hills to the east she was up. With short skirt and riding stock and high laced boots she was ready for a race over the hills on the fleetest hunter in the stables.

The stables farm hands were soon captivated by her charming ways, her thoughtfulness and gentleness, and her marvellous beauty. At length when it was known that she was going away some of the big, rough fellows actually wept.

After the first fascinating novelty of the

thing wore off, the whimsical owners seldom visited the place. But there was a continuous stream of their friends there as guests.

The renowned "Doc" Abbey acted as host and added to the native wines the choicest imported champagnes, at the expense of his employers. He kept up the reputation of the place in a fine style.

The turning point of the whole enterprise was a railroad wreck. The enterprising "Doc" Abbey had come East and started West again with a train load of fine stock from Gebhard's stables—\$300,000 worth of horses, it is said.

This precious train load went over a ninety-foot embankment at Shoholt Glen, Pennsylvania, in the dead of night. In that fearful mix-up of car debris and horses, Gebhard's \$50,000 stallion Eole, and most of his other valuable animals were killed outright. St. Xavier and Mrs. Langtry's \$1,500 saddle horse and the brood mare Mineral being the only survivors. "Doc" Abbey was badly broken up, but was nursed back to health again by the faithful Lily, who came to his aid as fast as wheels could turn, from her summer home at Long Branch. After the accident came a regular run of "horse luck" on the farm.

The revenue that was expected never materialized, and as years went by without satisfactory returns, Gebhard and the doctor had a falling out.

Meanwhile Mrs. Langtry also became discouraged. She refused point-blank to lay out more money upon the profitless stock farm. Abbey's only course was to refuse to work the farm, and this he did.

For a little while the broad, sunshiny, rich-soiled acres lay in the sun and the rain and soaked and baked. They might have been there indefinitely without tilling but

for the foresight of a Lake County rancher who knew his business. Frank Smythe, now Supervisor and one of the few successful Democratic politicians in the county, staked up the land and offered to put in a crop. Abbey disclaimed authority and told Smythe to do as he pleased. Smythe did so.

A few months later Mrs. Langtry had a new agent on the property, a blooming young Britisher, whom many people in San Francisco probably remember, A. G. P. McNulty. McNulty asked Smythe for his authority for placing the crop. Smythe confessed that he had none. McNulty inquired as to who would get the crop. Smythe laconically remarked that probably the man who cut it would get it. McNulty decided to adjust things that way. Smythe gave up a portion of the crop as rental. And thus, for the first time in five years, Mrs. Langtry's investment of over \$100,000 yielded her a revenue.

With the termination of the Abbey regime had come the termination of the horse and stock breeding. Gebhard had already begun to sell off his best animals. Langtry's courtesers went by the board also. The big property changed from a horse farm to a grain farm. The romantic notions of 1887 were metamorphosed into the business conditions and necessities of 1904.

McNulty remained as Mrs. Langtry's representative for a couple of seasons. He wanted the farm run on British principles, but British principles are fundamentally financial, whereas the principles of the Langtry farm were now required to be economical. Reluctantly he allowed Mr. Smythe to cultivate the property on shares, and quite as gladly he absorbed all the money that the industrious Mr. Smythe could harvest. Mrs. Langtry got little benefit from the change.



THE HOMESTEAD HEADQUARTERS OF THE FARM.

FROM PHOTO.



The Memorable and Disastrous Wreck of the Train That Was Bringing a String of Thoroughbreds to the Langtry-Gebhard Stock Farm.

She had invested fully \$100,000 in this "paradise," which might have been considered lost but for one thing. She obtained by this means a nominal residence in California, and was able to sue for divorce from her husband, Edward Langtry, of London. She succeeded in this, after many difficulties and delays, and was awarded the decision making her free on May 14, 1897.

It would, perhaps, have been worth \$100,000 to be single again, had not the mad-

dened and heart-broken husband of her youth died a few months later in an English asylum.

With no longer any need for a California legal residence, and with the aid, sweet memories of years ago, gone and Mr. Gebhard's adjoining acres having passed into other hands the famous beauty no longer wants to be encumbered with this western Eden.

It is to be broken up into small fruit farms, and nothing but a tradition left of the "grand times" of old.

LILY LANGTRY TAKEN AT HER RANCH. FROM PHOTO

LILY LANGTRY'S little paradise and famous horse farm in California has come to a sad end. This place was but a few years ago a sporting paradise, where her New York friends held gay carnival. All sorts of adventures and "gun scraps" took place between the visiting tenderfoot and the spirited "dead game" attaches of the place.

This is where the famous English beauty and her then devoted admirers spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in an effort to breed a race of horses that would be world beaters. Through mismanagement and "horse luck" the vast estate of nearly twelve square miles has gradually declined from a model stock farm to a prosaic grain ranch, and is about to be sold in small lots for ordinary farming purposes.

It was by owning this farm that Mrs. Langtry secured a nominal residence in California for several years, and was thus enabled to get a divorce from her lately deceased husband, Edward Langtry.

RS. LANGTRY'S Paradise by the Sundown Seas is to be no more. Her California home will be sold. That idyllic spot where she and her worshippers spent so many happy days during their sweet infatuation of a few years ago is to become a prosaic grain "ranch."

What a change is that for the romantic spot where the gayest sporting men of New York used to gather and live like princes, riding, hunting and racing horses on a private track, all within the confines of her Lilyship's lordly domain.

Some New Yorkers have lasting memories of this place. Hallett Alsop Borrowe, the now famous dynamite gunner of the Rough Riders, got a worse wound from a horseman's little gun there than any he received in the recent Santiago campaign.

Other equally interesting sporting episodes occurred at the Langtry place. In fact, something was always happening there. The "hired men" were all stars in their line, knife men and gun men as picturesque in their every day attire as the made-up performers in a Wild West show. So if there were no distinguished tenderfoot visitors to entertain by shooting off their hats the local sports had "gun scraps" on their own account.

It was in 1886 that the famous stage beauty and pet of the Prince of Wales, accompanied by her old friend, Freddie Gebhard, of New York, made a trip to California. They were guests at Lucky Baldwin's model horse ranch in the southern part of the State.

The Jersey beauty always was somewhat "horsey," and the exhilarating life and scenes on this California estate completely captivated her. She would have one of her own. Mr. Gebhard was pleased with the idea, too.

Together they commissioned a certain noted "Doc" Abbey, of Blue Grass lineage and California experience, to buy them a place as nearly a paradise as could be found in the Golden State.

The astute "Doc" faithfully carried out the orders given him. Up in the northern part of the State, where the Winters are one long, sweet, flowery Spring, the Summers a continuous bird song, he discovered a Garden of Eden.

It was in Lake County, just above Middletown. Here was a splendid tract of 7,500 acres of rich valley and grape lands and grassy hills for grazing. It was dotted with the most picturesque ranch houses, bounded by miles and miles of fences, and in one sheltered nook was a vintage that distilled the finest of native wines. For this splendid domain of nearly twelve square miles the sum of \$125,000 was asked.

But that was easily adjusted. Mrs. Langtry selected 4,200 acres for her very own and paid \$81,000 in cash for it, while Mr. Gebhard took the adjoining 3,300 acres and paid \$44,000.

Then began the costly improvements that made the Langtry-Gebhard farms, as they were thenceforth known, a true sporting paradise. Great barns were erected for horse breeding. A model mile track was laid out with the prettiest of observation stands. Mr. Gebhard erected a rambling mansion on the Moorish-Mexican style on his portion.

Mrs. Langtry put up on her land a somewhat more conventional ten-room cottage and furnished it with every luxury, which was called "The Homestead." But there was no dividing line or fence between the two properties.

The place was stocked with the choicest stallions that could be brought in the whole country. Gebhard brought there the noted

HOW SCIENCE IS AIDING WOMANHOOD IN THE CHOICE OF HUSBANDS--A REMEDY FOR DIVORCE.

SCIENCE now comes to the aid of a girl in choosing her husband. She need no longer wonder and worry which lover to accept. Just let her apply a few scientific rules to judging which one still make her the happiest.

To do this she does not need to be an expert character reader, a phrenologist, or palmist. Just let her look at these pictures and bear in mind a few directions.

Of course every girl has heard that persons unlike in temper and disposition make

the best matches. There is a deep scientific truth in this and she may profit by it largely by observing the shape of her lover's head and her own.

If her head be high and narrow it indicates that she lacks physical force and staying power, though she may be altogether lovely and winsome. But if her husband should be of like disposition they would be like two broken reeds trying to support one another.

She should look for a man with a broad

head. This shows animal force and the aggressiveness that leads to success. But the girl should be sure that this broad head is surmounted by a forehead of good height and a well rounded top. This gives the necessary thought, reason and power to curb the animal instincts. But if the broad headed man has a low forehead and low upper portion he may be a brute and unbearable, however successful he may be.

All narrow headed men, however, should not be refused by their sweethearts and

condemned to eternal bachelorhood. Such a man may have a fine intellectual and an artistic nature and be an ideal match for a broad headed woman. But in that case she will be the directing force and will make success possible for both.

There are other types of heads also to be considered. A largeness at the upper back

part of the head means self-esteem, and a thumb for mastery.

Almost as important as the shape of a man's head is his hand. It tells just as many character secrets, and one of the most important of these is self-control. The man lacking in this respect "gets rattled," as the popular saying is. He loses patience and power of mind under difficulties, while the man who possesses this quality goes on serenely under all circumstances and overcomes everything.

The thumb is the key to this trait. If the thumb be long and well shaped and the lower or nail joint is of nearly the same length as the upper joint, there is a good balance of will power and intellect. If the first joint is considerably shorter than the second it suggests that the owner is apt to be undecided and easily influenced.

The thumb is such a very important index of character that it should be observed in another respect. If the first joint is of good length and is also wide and square at finger.

the end, with a nail broader than it is long, it indicates a nervous, quarrelsome nature. A man with a thumb of this cut is obstinate, lacks tact and makes enemies needlessly.

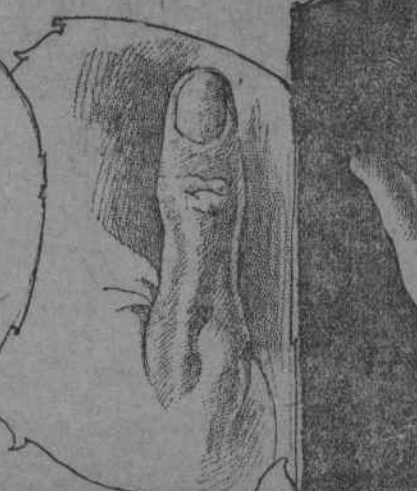
Here is a secret for the girl who wants to marry a man who will get rich, and let her live in luxury, regardless of whether he possesses some of the finer qualities already described. A certain simple formation of a man's hand will show this. In addition to a long thumb, his little or fourth finger must be long, its end extending beyond the second joint of the third finger.



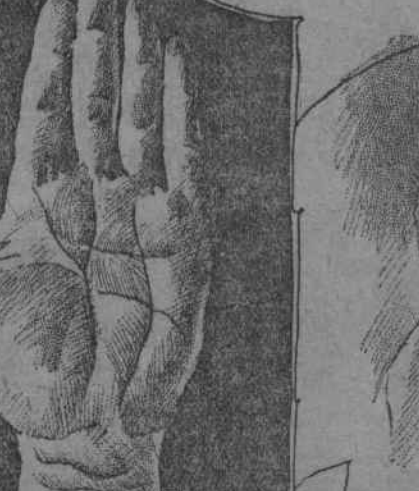
Broad Combative Head.



Narrow and Weak Head.



Long Thumb—Will Power.



Hand of a Man who Will Get Rich.



Short Thumb of Cruel Selfish Man.



Head Showing Conceit.



Strong Well-Balanced Head.